

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## A Christmas Song.

Tune—"Lightly Row."

Christmas bells! Christmas bells,  
How their merry music swells,  
Loud they ring, loud they ring  
Santa Clause a welcome bring.  
See his sleigh, how packed with toys,  
Dolls for girls, and drums for boys,  
Bells ring clear, bells ring clear,  
Santa Clause is here.  
Christmas tree! Christmas tree,  
Ready now for you and me,  
Full of toys, full of toys  
Gifts for girls and boys.  
Something here for every one,  
Homeward now his work all done,  
Hear him cry, hear him cry  
Little folks "Good by."

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write you a song this time instead of a letter.

SADIE A. HARRISON.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a few lines for the Children's Column. It has been a long time since I wrote. I am eleven years old. My father takes the EVANGELIST. I like to read the Children's Column. I have four brothers and two sisters. Pa, ma and one sister belong to the Brethren church. Our school closed the 8th of March. I go to Sunday School. My teacher's name is Laura Benshoff. I will close by answering Gracie Saylor's question: Where is the word screech-owl found in the Bible? Isaiah 34:14. I will ask a question: By whom did sin come into the world?

Yours truly,

JENNIE SHAFFER.

Johnstown, Pa., March 23, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is our first attempt to write for the Children's Column. We are eight years old. We went to school when it was not too cold. We have two miles to go. I like to go. Yesterday was the last day. I could not go. We had the measles and I was not well enough. All of my sisters went. We go to Sunday School at Manchester. Mrs. Grossnickle, is our teacher. We like her very much. Our teacher gave us barrels to collect money for Sunday School. Mamma said, if you could not read this you should put it in the waste basket, but I would like to see it in print.

ELLA AND DELLA ALLISBAUGH.

North Manchester, Ind., March 18, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I like to read the children's letters. I went to school this winter, but it is out now. Our teacher's name is I. G. Murray. I like him very well. My studies are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Physiology and Arithmetic. I have two sisters and one brother. My ma is dead and I stay at George Murray's. I like to stay there. My pa, brother and one of my sisters are out near Connellsville. My pa is working at the coal works. I go to Sunday School in the summer time. I like to go very well. I will close by asking a question: Who did the Lord say should build his temple?

Yours truly,

PRISCILLA WELLING.

Aleppo, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I read the letters in the Children's Column, I thought I would write. This is the first time I have ever wrote for a paper. My pa and ma belong to the Brethren church also my oldest brother. My parents take the EVANGELIST. I have three brothers and two sisters. Two brothers are married and one clerks in our Post Office. I have one sister teaching school. I saw a letter from my cousin Gertrude Hildebrand in Iowa. Hope to see some from my cousins in Pa. I am eleven years old. I will close by asking a question: Who caused iron to swim?

Your reader,

CLARA B. MCCARTNEY.

Kimball, Dak., March 20, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my second attempt to write for the Children's Column. I thought I would not write any more letters for your paper as you congratulated some of the little girls on their good

writing and spelling and I was left out, but since Mr. Mallott preached so good to us I have forgotten that I was forsaken and I will write again. I love to read the EVANGELIST, and I read all the children's letters with interest. My school is out so now I devote all my time to music. I want Mr. Mallott to read this letter. I will answer May Statler's question: The longest verse is Esther 8:9. I will close by asking a question. Where is the word reverend found in the Bible?

EVA DRAKE.

Flora, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have not written for a long time. I am so glad to see so many little letters in the paper. I would like to know why Westy Homen's pen is still. And I would like to hear from Anna and Lula Wood. I am glad that our Sunday School is going to commence next Sunday. I like to attend Sunday School and I hope that all the little readers do. We expect Mrs. Lovina M. Hart for our teacher this summer. I hope she will be present. Our school has closed. We got a nice treat the last day. Mr. Frank Atkin's got us some candy, filberts and English walnuts. I have a canary bird and he will sing, and he will say please. He will sing at night. My bird's name is Finy. I have two kittens and one dog. I help pa and ma make sugar. Well, if I see this in print, I will write again. Good by from your friend.

ARTIE V. BARONE.

Homer, O., March 23, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write for the Children's Column. This is my first attempt and I cannot promise you but a short letter for I am only a little boy, eight years old. I go to school. My studies are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic. I go to Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss Kissandra Garber. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. Our new minister's name is A. M. Ridenour. I will answer Grace A. Snider's question: What kind of wood did God tell Noah to build the Ark with? I will answer by saying it was gopher wood. I will close for this time but would like to see this in print.

CLARENCE L. POLEY.

Auburn, Ill.

DEAR CHILDREN:—It is indeed pleasing to see how plucky you are in trying to keep your page in the EVANGELIST, newsy and interesting. I enjoy reading your letters. Most of them tell about school, and often remind me of my school days.

When I went to school I had a mile and a half to go, and there was a creek which crossed the way twice, which in times of high water would often hide the foot-log so that we would have a terrible time getting home. One morning as I was going to school with my two older brothers, we found the creek very high; so after finding the narrowest place, it was decided that one should cross over and catch me as when the remaining one would fling me across. In that however they were not very successful, as I lit right into the water. After getting me out again somehow, they took me to a house near by, where I was kindly cared for until evening when I returned home again with my brothers, as though nothing had happened.

Last summer my husband and I took a drive out to where the old school house used to stand; and although a new and much larger one now occupies its place, there was however, here a tree, there a hill, but best of all the path to the spring still remaining, to greet the fond recollections which prompted us to visit that dear place again.

We wished for time to linger, think and write; but the sun was hurrying to the west, and so our stay was shortened. But oh! in the space of that one short hour, how many sweet, happy faces and voices came thronging back to my memory. We remembered that quite a number of the boys had enlisted, went to the army, many of whom never returned, but perished at the hands of cruel war. And also that many of the girls, dear to us as sisters, have been called away by death, and will no more recount with us, the scenes and pleasures of our school days.

Perhaps some day, when you have grown to be men and women you too, will enjoy a stroll back to the "dear old school house;" and if so, you will no doubt be convinced, that at such times, it is very pleasing to recall the little acts of kindness, the words of sympathy spoken to one another, while you were yet school children together.

Yes, I know that even school children have their troubles and discouragements; and therefore feel prompted to ask you to try to treat each other kindly. Be truthful, and show by your actions that you have respect for others, as well as for yourselves. Ever remember that:

"The good we do and not the bad,  
Will make us happy never sad."

AUNT LAURA.

Columbiana, O., March 22, 1887.

## Band of Hope.

Miss Delia Blue writes from South Haven, Kan., naming herself and two little sisters, giving their ages and saying: "We wish to become members of your little Band of Hope." Well, their names are now in my book and they belong to the Band. I would be glad to have them send me some more names.

Here is another very pretty little letter. I will give it in full and then answer it.

UNCLE JOE:—Do you think it wrong to use liquor as a medicine? I would like to become a member of the Band of Hope, but the Dr. ordered me to take Jamaica rum. Please answer through the BRETHREN EVANGELIST. Your niece,

INEZ CLIFFORD.

Holly Grove, Pa., March 9, 1887.

In my answer I will say that when we need a physician, the best we can do is to select one in whom we have confidence, and then take the medicine which he prescribes. There may be cases in which alcohol may be a medicine, but it is the opinion of many excellent physicians that any case that can be cured with the use of alcohol can be cured without it; and it is the testimony of the best of physicians and chemists that alcohol is injurious to the stomach, and, consequently, is injurious to health.

It is an admitted fact that there is no alcohol in the sound healthy fruits and products of nature. Nature's products must become diseased; there must be dissolution and decomposition; there must be death and rottenness, to produce alcohol; and hence it may properly be called the Essence of Death. Just how the essence of death can be the means of restoring health and perpetuating life is very hard to understand.

Now, my dear little niece, I have put your name into my book. I will not hold you responsible for what your doctor does. I am sorry that you are sick and need medicine, and hope you will soon be well. It might be well for you to show your letter and my answer to your doctor, and perhaps he would be kind enough to change the treatment so as to leave out the rum—the alcohol. If you use liquor only as a medicine, you will not be violating our principles.

I would be glad to hear from you again, and hope you will be able to send me some more names. I would be glad, too, to have the members of the Band of Hope write for the Children's Column, and in this way encourage others. I know that this would please our little friend Lucy A. McCoy. Next time I'll say something about tobacco and swearing.

UNCLE JOE.

## OUR DEAD.

SPARKS—George Sparks was born January 31, 1820, died at his home in Falls City, Neb., March 18, 1887, aged 67 years, 1 month and 18 days. He was buried in the Brethren grave-yard at Silver Creek meeting house. The funeral was largely attended by relatives and sympathizing friends. Bro. Sparks was a member of the Brethren church, and died in the full assurance of faith in Christ. His widow and large family of children have the sympathy of all their acquaintances, knowing that they have suffered a great loss. He was a kind husband and father and faithful member in the church.

ROYER—Stella May Royer, daughter of brother Moses and sister Susie A. Royer, was born November 22, 1886 and died March 16, '87, aged 3 months and 20 days. This dear little child was found dead in its bed without any previous intimation of sickness. It was very hard for the parents to lose their first-born sweet little babe. Funeral services at the Silver Creek meeting house, by Eld. William Forney.

E. L. Y.